

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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NORFOLK & NORWICH TWENTY-FIRST TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, OCTOBER 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th, 1884.

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Norwich, Sept., 1884.

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OF

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"PEACEFULLY SLUMBER."

M^{rs} PATEY will sing RANDEGGER's admired Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at the Norwich Festival Concert, Wednesday Evening, October 15th.

"THREE AGES."

H. C. HILLER's new Song, "THREE AGES," will be sung by M^{rs} BAYLIS, at the new Percy Hall, on Saturday (This Day), Sept. 27th.

"ENGLAND TOUGH AND TRUE" and "THREE AGES."

MR WILLIAM ROWE (Barytone) will sing, by request, H. C. HILLER's stirring National Song, "ENGLAND TOUGH AND TRUE," and the same Composer's new Song, "THREE AGES," at St John's Wood, on Tuesday next, Sept. 30th.

"O LADY, LEAVE THY SILKEN THREAD." New Song by GRACE GIBSON (poetry by TOM HOOD). Price 4s.—London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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ASCHER'S "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" as a Quartet, will be sung in the Corn Exchange, Romford, on the 30th October, at Miss Ellen Worth's Concert, by the following artists, viz., Miss ELLEN WORTH, Miss SUBETTA FEINS, Mr VICTOR ROMILLY, and Mr HENRY PRENDON.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR VICTOR ROMILLY will sing in the Romford Corn Exchange, October the 30th, ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

Ascher's celebrated Vocal Quartet on "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" Written by Wellington Guernsey, and Arranged by G. B. Allen.

THIS popular composition, as sung by command at Windsor Castle, will be sung by Mr J. STEDMAN'S CHOIR, at his Grand Concert, October 22nd, under his direction, at Morley Hall, Hackney.

Sir Julius Benedict's Vocal Variations on "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," and Wellington Guernsey's popular Ballad, "O BUY MY FLOWERS."

MDME REEVES will sing (by desire) at Mr Stedman's Grand Evening Concert at Morley Hall, October 22nd, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT'S "CARNIVAL OF VENICE," and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S "O BUY MY-FLOWERS."

"THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS."

IDA WALTER'S New Song, "THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS," sung with distinguished success by Mr MAAS, at the Covent Garden Concerts. Price 4s.

"Mr Maas raised a perfect storm of applause with Miss Ida Walter's setting of Heine's 'Das Meer hat seine Perlen'—a refined, and, at the same time, very effective song."—*Times*.

"A most graceful setting of Heine's poem."—*Musical World*.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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LAMENT on the Death of His Royal Highness the late DUKE OF ALBANY. Composed for the Pianoforte by LILLIE ALBRECHT. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"The 'Lament' on the Death of His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, by Lillie Albrecht, has already been commended in these columns as a clever and pathetic piece of pianoforte composition, still an additional word may be said in its favour, inasmuch as it has considerable merit."—*Morning Post*.

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"Was piquant, brilliant, and pathetic. An enthusiastic encore rewarded the fair singer. The song is extremely pretty, and was accompanied with much taste by the composer, Mr Richard Harvey."—*Irish Times*.

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"LOVE-LIGHT."

(In A minor and G minor.)

LOVE-LIGHT, Music by J. MORTIMER ADYE, Words by MIRIAM ROSS, now singing at the leading Public Concerts. Price 4s. O SIGH NOT LOVE, Music by J. MORTIMER ADYE, Words by MIRIAM ROSS, price 4s. ("May be recommended as a graceful and vocal piece of writing."—*Morning Post*.)

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INTERVIEW WITH AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

When I waited upon Mr Harris, at Drury Lane, he appeared up to his eyes in work, as was testified by the huge open cylindrical writing-table, covered with all sorts of papers, from dainty sketches of pantomime costumes to bill-posting designs. While he was dismissing several gentlemen I glanced around at the room. The decorations were superb. The massive furniture was upholstered in crimson plush, the heavy carpet gave forth no footfall, the mirrors and gaselier would not be out of place in a palace. Such was the private sanctum of the man before me! A young man of 32 with the burden of this gigantic establishment upon him night and day for five years! One would look for signs of wear and tear in such a man, but look in vain at Mr Harris, who is a comely person with expressive features, and a figure evidently tending in the direction of plumpness. In response to my questions, Mr Harris rattled off in a clear voice the following account of his doings, and his becoming, at the age of 27, the lessee of the huge theatre that had spelt ruin to so many:—

"I was born in the profession, for my father, Augustus the first, was general manager to Mr Gye at Covent Garden until his death in 1873. Up to that time I had been a foreign correspondent in the firm of Erlanger & Co., in Paris, and left them to join Tiffany's Paris house, so that I am a practical man of business. I saw no prospect in 'quill driving,' and so I threw up my situation on the death of my father, a proceeding which all my friends considered idiotic.

"My first start was with Mr John Knowles, of Manchester, but the work they lumped on me was awful, and I have reasons to know it was done with the view of disgusting me with the profession. I had not been accustomed to con over and get things by heart, and we often had to play six different parts in a week. The result was I had to be up half the night, and worked like a nigger. Six weeks of this satisfied me. I played Malcolm in *Macbeth*, and several light comedy and juvenile tragedy parts. While at Liverpool, Mr Mapleson arrived with his Opera company, and opened at the Alexandra Theatre. I told him I meant to go in for the business of manager, and I offered him my services. The next day he appointed me assistant stage manager, and, after a fortnight, I blossomed into 'stage manager,' and remained with him as such for three years. The work was no sinecure. I well remember that at Bath, the theatre was in such a state as regards scenery and properties that only by a liberal expenditure was it possible for me to get a decent show for the company. The old scenery had done duty for years, and the best on hand was that used in the *Streets of London*. Sir Michael Costa was no friend of mine, having had some difference with my father, and would not even allow me on the stage, so that I had to work under considerable difficulties.

"In 1876 I was at work for myself. In partnership with Mr Charles Wyndham, I produced the pantomime of *Sinbad the Sailor* at the Crystal Palace. It was I who induced him to purchase the rights of *Pink Dominoes* and *Betsy*, and I was the original Harry Greenlanes in the former. I performed the part of that ingenious youth for the entire run of the piece, 500 nights. It was terrible work I got through in those days of the production of my first pantomime—all day at the Palace, up to town to play my part at the Criterion, and back again by the last train. I had seen the originals of those two pieces in Paris, and I knew they would take here. That pantomime took it out of me, and all the work my friend Wyndham did was to go on after the performance in response to the call and receive the applause, but he did it well, and I didn't mind.

"I was dead on being in the managerial line of business, and when Mr Bruce opened the Royalty I called on him and asked for a situation as actor in a part not filled up—stage-manager, general manager, or acting manager, treasurer, or anything. He told me he had nothing for me. However, I called again. When I did so Mr Bruce was busy with a bevy of beauty; he was engaging for the production of *The Zoo*. He sent out word that he could not see me then, so I sat down and helped him with his work—installed myself, in fact. I was treasurer, acting and stage-manager, and I was part author of *Venus*, which proved a hit, and made the fortune of the management.

"In 1880 I took this theatre (Drury Lane). At the last moment the gentleman who had promised to find the money failed me! Here was a fix indeed! But I had good credit; no cheque of mine had ever been returned; had it not been so I should never have had this theatre. A gentleman, now deceased, came to my rescue, and I got to work. During my first year I produced *Henry V.*, *Blue Beard*, and *Mdme Angot*. During the run of the first pantomime Mr Pettitt called on me and asked if I intended dropping what I had made out of my pantomime upon Shakspeare. I replied 'not much.' He said he had a piece, *The White Cliffs of England*. I read it;

there was lots of good 'stuff' in it, but I did not care for it. I told him I had a good idea of a plot; I told him of it, and he Mr Merritt, and myself set to work. *The World* was the result, and proved one of the greatest triumphs I have ever scored. It was the first of the realistic plays produced, and it fairly fetched the people. Royalty came, and I well remember seeing the Princess of Wales applauding heartily when the hero was escaping from the madhouse, as excited as anyone. I was at the prompt side waiting my turn, for, as you know, I played the villain. Before *The World* was withdrawn I had thought out the plot of *Youth*. At the annual dinner of the Drury Lane Fund we went to Maidenhead by coach, meaning to dine at Skindle's. Charles Warner was sitting next to me, and we stopped opposite Stoke Pogis Church. Service was being held, and we could hear the singing from outside. It was a lovely day; the birds were chirping, the leaves fluttering, and the smell of flowers was everywhere. It struck me what a splendid scene this would make, and I conceived the notion of the old clergyman, having perhaps been somewhat merry in his youth, that Nemesis might find him out, even in this quiet spot, and some of his old sins come home to roost. The lawn at Skindle's, a merry party, amongst them the old parson's son, and so on. I gave the plot to Merritt, and we worked it out, and *Youth* became *un fait accompli*. It had the reputation of *The World* to help it, and it went well. I believe it will in turn help tremendously my revival of *Youth*. As to pantomime, why, I am never finished. This year's pantomime will be *Whittington*, and in this portfolio of sketches are many that were prepared in January last, to enable the workpeople to get on with the costumes. Next year I shall produce *Alladin*.

"Yes, I have just had the lease renewed for another five years, but it is a big undertaking, and sucks up money frightfully. Ah! you are taking stock of my surroundings. Well, I can assure you I don't know how it is, this room has cost me something like £300! I ask for a little paint and whitewash, and they decorate my ceiling with frescoes, and rush me for Japanese wall papers at extravagant prices. The upholstery? Well, I don't know if I am to blame for that; perhaps I am. How do I manage those tremendous heavy fixed scenes? Why, it is all a matter of drill. In some big scenes as many as eighty men are at work. One follows a flag, another a signal, another something else, and so on. Each knows his exact position and duty. Come and look at the Prince of Wales's box and retiring-room. It is all to be covered with this Japanese paper, with a dado of Indian matting, and the whole corridor leading to it in the same manner. The order for that paper is the largest that has yet been given. I am going in for new carpets throughout, for if I don't make my public comfortable they won't come.

"I spent on my last pantomime the largest sum ever known to be expended. It cost me from first to last £34,000, and I managed to get a profit even then. But I will tell you something—my profit has been made out of the extra sixpences paid for early admission. I may have been abused about it, but the public like and approve it, and you can easily understand families of small means being glad to escape a crowd when bringing children to the play. Yes, if it had not been for my extra sixpences I should have had no profit. The pantomime of *Robinson Crusoe* at Covent Garden some years ago cost my father £13,858, and the receipts were £19,681; here is the account. Every year, although I try to keep it down, my pantomime expenses increase. Last year I abolished the fee system, a clear loss of £4,000 a year; I must keep pace with the times; but the public still insist upon tipping the attendants, and I am the loser."

After our conversation, I was conducted by Mr Harris all over this vast building, with its acres of corridors and rooms without end. The property-room and the stage of the theatre are lumbered with a heterogeneous collection of all sorts from lifebuoys and ships' bulwarks to property grass-banks, wooden horses, and pantomime masks. It is but four clear days to the first performance of *The World*, and in all this disorder there reigns supreme order. I was conducted to the wardrobe-room; and here lie piled, I should imagine, almost every article of stage wearing apparel—dainty ladies' dresses, boots and shoes of all nations, armour, the uniforms of soldiers, policemen, railway men, firemen, &c. Each and all in their right place around the long room, on racks, hanging on hooks, and lying on tables duly labelled, is an infinitesimal part of the accumulation of Mr Harris's five years' productions at Drury Lane. One little incident occurred which illustrates the enormous amount of personal attention that Mr Harris has to devote to his "show." Not only were callers incessantly popping in during my visit, on all sorts of conceivable subjects, but on our tour of the building, Mr Harris's secretary successfully chased and cornered him to sign a cheque, producing

not only the pen, but pocket inkstand from his waistcoat. I do not envy that secretary chasing the energetic and irrepressible manager into all sorts of lofty, dangerous, and inaccessible places where he is so often engaged.

Judging from Mr Harris's energy and enterprise he is the one man to manage the white elephant in Great Russell Street. This he has proved by scoring a five years' success; and, also, by his confidently having entered upon another five years' crusade as caterer for the fickle British public. The mere thought of the management of such a place is overwhelming! From the burly guardsmen at the portico (who were only abolished because they cost £10 per week) to the smallest call-boy, there are at pantomime time and for *The World*, employed some 1,000 persons, all eager for "treasury" day to arrive. Pleasing the public seems to me a secondary trouble when this vast and hungry army are considered, and have to be satisfied.—*England*.

CHURCH HYMNOLOGY.*

Mr Turpin has urged the clergy meeting at the ensuing Church Congress (which, by the way, some of the "religious" newspapers deride), to do something practical in the way of improving their slovenly services, especially in the matter of music. Apart from the Anthems, Canticles, and settings of the actual text of the Prayer Book, the question of hymnology is a very important and pressing one. Few of the congregation can join the choir in an anthem or "service" canticle, and if they do the effect is often ludicrously bad. But all "the faithful" desire to lift up their voices in the Psalms and Hymns—plain, simple tunes, familiar to most persons, easily sung, and generally pleasing to the ear. Stanzas to be set to music, however, whether sacred or secular, should be poetical; at least, not prosaic, with rigid avoidance of vulgarisms, commonplace phraseology, and inelegant diction. Otherwise, how can an organist be expected to produce any but cognate and converse tunes? Yet one cannot take up any Hymn Book without feeling inclined to shut it up again with righteous indignation, as, indeed, I often do, sitting down at the same time as if to utter a silent protest against such nonsensical bathos. *Hymns Ancient and Modern* are much in vogue, and perhaps they are the best among the many collections. But this manual is notoriously tainted with partisan theology, and made a medium for setting forth the ideas of ritualism and extreme "high church" opinions. Thus, for example, the line in one hymn, "Jesus, Son of Mary, hear," savours slightly of Mariolatry. Remarkable that the Gospel writers of the New Testament never mention the Virgin Mary, except incidentally and *ex necessitate*. Many maudlin hymns again might be quoted; but forisickly school-girl sentimentalism the "Evangelicals" beat the Ritualists in every way. The sentimental style of thought and phraseology pervades the still extant books formerly edited by the Rev. Charles Kemble, of Bath, and similar low church, or, rather, chapel, editions of popular preachers. Last Sunday I noted in a "Children's" Hymnal, for which Dr How, a suffragan bishop, is partly responsible, sundry passages very objectionable to my own mind, for many reasons, if not abstractly and theologically unsound. The tone of these hymn books seems to be sickly, morbid, and unhealthy. It is notorious that many modern hymnologies contain pieces exclusively *secular*, not in themselves without literary merit, but utterly unconnected with divinity, and innocent of doctrinal truth. Oftentimes the verses are no better than the music.

What, then, shall we do? Fall back upon the metrical translations of the Psalms, old or new "versions"? This, as Lord Jeffrey once wrote, "will never do." Yet one clergyman, of firm purpose and original mind, was strongly in favour of this course, and, in fact, he resolutely discarded all hymn books (in his own church at Knightsbridge) until the end of his long mortal career. The Rev. William Harness, once the friend and form-fellow of Lord Byron at Harrow, wrote thus eloquently, *inter alia*, on the subject of the Psalms:—"As hymns, reflecting the various changes of religious feeling, they have never been equalled. Even in our metrical translation (hurried and careless as it is) every man of educated taste will feel how immeasurably superior the Psalms (of David) are to all those devotional compositions of modern times, which, with their trifling conceits, their sentimental prettinesses, their affected *unction*, and their insidious heresy have, in so many congregations, been allowed to supersede them." Mr Harness further objected to hymn books on the ground that the Prayer Book was thus rendered insufficient for the service, and that the people were consequently obliged to buy one of the many current hymnals, all of which he regarded as more or less objectionable. Nor did *Hymns Ancient and*

* From the *Musical Standard*.

Modern escape his condemnation. Asked by one of his churchwardens, in very bad taste, whether he would not adopt the book at All Saints', Knightsbridge, this curt reply cut the poor man short: "I would as soon read *Paradise Lost* for the First Lesson." And, in the "Old Hundredth," what a horrible solecism is this: "With one consent let all the earth to God their cheerful voices raise." The longest indiarubber stretch of the figure of speech called "ellipsis" would hardly justify the making of the solid and unique globe "a noun of multitude, signifying many."

The musical setting of the (metrical) Psalms is a separate question. Too many of the modern tunes taste sadly of sugar-candy and treacle. The melodies may be sweet, but they are mawkish. Commend me to some of the grand old Psalm tunes; still used, but not so frequently (in district "chapels") as they ought to be. The harmonies are usually sound and solid, except in some parts of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. In the second part of that noble Psalm tune called "St Anne's," where the melody moves downwards in thirds, and pauses on the "leading note," the B natural is put into the "quint" position, on the dominant (E) of the relative (A) minor. Sir Arthur Sullivan, when he introduced "St Anne's" into his fine *Te Deum* (composed on the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever, in 1873) here made a happy change in the harmony, which all organists ought to adopt, if men of taste. The learned doctor makes a bold progression to the chord of B major (the dominant of E minor), and thus the melodical note assumes the very superior "octave" position. The effect is truly superb, but many musicians tremble and turn pale at bold modulations, just as a timid horse shies at a shadow on the road. A. M.

THE "STABAT MATER."

The *Stabat Mater* in a Protestant cathedral is now opposed by a Catholic, as will be seen in the following letter addressed to the editor of *Berrow's Worcester Journal*:—

Sir,—I have to ask you to allow me to say something about a communication which appeared in the *Journal* on the 13th, headed "The *Stabat Mater* (from a correspondent)." I do not intend to dwell upon theology in noticing such a performance. I write, addressing myself to the many candid and kindly disposed readers of your journal, to make an appeal against so great and so wanton an affront. The writer of the sacred hymn, Jacopone da Todi, did not live, as your correspondent absurdly says, in 1350. He died in 1306. The hymn is certainly "a well-known mediæval hymn." It occurs in what the writer calls "Passiontide," that is, in the Divine office "in *Festo Septem Dolorum B. Mariæ Virginis*, on Friday in Passion Week, the week preceding the *Hebdomada Major*. Dr Hook's ignorance—I will use no harder word—may be laughed at. If he had been sufficiently instructed he would probably not have "beautifully pointed out" the falsehood which he is alleged to have asserted. In the Protestant sense of "worship" the statement alleged by your correspondent is absolutely false. It was not a thing free from pain to have the devout words of the sacred hymn sung before an audience, a large part of which—much the largest part—had no sympathy with its devotion, and could take it only as a music-hall exhibition. Your correspondent has faithfully interpreted that state of sentiment, and the pain of Catholics, by giving what he calls a paraphrase, which is in fact a travesty. It will be wise in the promoters of the charity for which this "festival" exists, to leave Catholic devotions to their only owners and their only true use. Ample resources of a congenial character are no doubt ready to their hand. They are in actual possession of our Benedictine Cathedral. But the building as now occupied does not sanctify what is sung. "*Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terrâ alienâ?*" During the past week not only has the *Stabat Mater* been sung, but also the words of part of Mass. Three hundred years ago Mass was turned out of the Cathedral—the Church of our Blessed Lady—and, as you may see in Green's *History of Worcester*, the altars were all taken away or destroyed . . . as objects of Superstition." For that length of time there has been no altar and no Mass. Now, in 1884, words of Mass have been sung, but without Mass and reality.—Your faithful servant,
A WORCESTERSHIRE CATHOLIC.

Mr F. H. Cowen has returned to town from Switzerland, and is already announced to conduct his "Welsh" Symphony at the Covent Garden Concerts on the classical night, next Wednesday, October 1st. Arrangements have also been made to give the Welsh Symphony at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, mostly under the composer's direction. It is also to be given at the Crystal Palace, as well as at New York.

MRS VICKERY.

Many of our readers will grieve to hear of the decease of one of our most accomplished amateurs, Charlotte Josephine Vickery. A correspondent writes: "How the old familiar face will be missed in our concert-rooms! How the kind-hearted, genial friend will be regretted by those who knew her intimately! Her musical abilities were of no common order. I think she was the first unprofessional lady student at the Royal Academy of Music who was made an Associate. Cipriani Potter, who held her in high esteem, told me they could not allow her to leave without giving her this mark of honour. Having studied the violin, she was the first to suggest that ladies should play in the orchestra at the Royal Academy of Music, but the idea was treated with contempt. At one of the last Academy concerts she said to me, 'I have lived to see my idea carried out, though they thought me out of my senses when I first proposed joining in the orchestra. I never got beyond a quartet.' But these quartets were led by such men as Molique, Jansa, &c., Mrs Vickery playing second violin. A sharp, unerring critic, she was always quick to discover talent, and many a young musician has been helped forward by her kind sympathy and sound advice. Her friendship once given was never shaken; it was steadfast 'through evil and good report.' I send you these few words, the testimony of one who was her most intimate friend for over thirty years, and I feel sure they will be echoed in the hearts of all who knew her.—E. S. M."

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

The varied interest of these performances is well sustained under the active and enterprising management of Mr W. F. Thomas. The special classical nights which are given once a week offer to those whose tastes are exclusive an ample programme of sterling compositions that have passed the ordeal of time, while the more popular selections of other nights appeal successfully to the larger numbers who prefer music of a lighter kind. Last Saturday evening was a grand military night, in celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of the Alma. As on other similar occasions, Jullien's "British Army Quadrille" formed a special feature. This piece of demonstrative programme-music was given with imposing effect, the fine orchestra having been reinforced by the band of the Coldstream Guards, and drummers, fifers, pipers, and a cavalry band from other sources. The first part of the concert was but partially of a military character. The grand March from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, Michaelis' characteristic March, "The Turkish Patrol," and the Soldier's Chorus from Gounod's *Faust* in an orchestral adaptation of subjects from that opera, were the chief martial elements in the earlier selection, which also included Mr E. Lloyd's expressive singing of Balfe's air "When other lips," Mme Enriquez's effective delivery of Roedel's song, "Angus Macdonald," and Mr Novara's earnest declamation of Molloy's "The roll of the drum." Besides the instrumental pieces already specified, the first part comprised Hérold's sparkling Overture to *Zampa*, some of the exquisite ballet music in Auber's *Masaniello*, an arrangement (by Mr F. Godfrey) of popular pieces from Balfe's operas, and Paganini's Caprice on "The Carnival of Venice." This last was executed by our excellent violinist, Mr Carrodus, with marvellous technical skill—all the intricacies of double stops, harmonics, octave passages, &c., were rendered with admirable brilliancy and delicacy. A storm of applause induced a second performance, which—as in several other instances during the evening—was replied to (*more Hibernico*) by giving another piece. The audience seems to pay no regard to the appeal made in the programme as to encores, the submission of the artists to the unreasonable demands of the public causing an undue prolongation of the concert, and obliging many of the audience to leave without hearing much that they desire to hear, which is thus placed too late for them.

The "British Army Quadrille," which opened the second part, was followed by a varied selection that included, among other features, Mr E. Lloyd's fine singing of Wallace's song, "Yes, let me like a soldier fall" (twice encored!) and Mr W. Joyce's recitation of Tennyson's lines "The charge of the Light Brigade." Mr A. Gwyllyn Crowe fulfilled his office as conductor with his accustomed ability, and Mr F. Cliffe was an efficient pianoforte accompanist to some of the vocal pieces. Mr F. H. Cowen's

"Welsh" Symphony will be performed, under his direction, at next Wednesday's concert.—H. L. (D. N.)

At the "classical" concert on Wednesday evening Dvorák's Symphony in D (Op. 60) was the *pièce de résistance*. It was received with unanimous favour, especially the first (*allegro*) and third (*scherzo*) movements. The overtures were Beethoven's *Leonora* and Weber's *Der Freischütz*, the intermediate orchestral pieces being Riccardo Gallico's "Preludio Sinfonico," composed for the recent International Exhibition at Turin, which we duly noticed on its first performance at the Covent Garden Concerts, and the Prelude to Mr Mackenzie's opera, *Colomba*. The pianist was Signor Tito Mattei, who rendered with brilliant effect Weber's *Concertstück*, and the violinist was Mr Carrodus, who repeated his magnificent performance of the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in D. Both artists were warmly applauded and recalled. The singers were Miss Amy Sherwin, who rendered the *aria*, "Gli angui d'inferno," from Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, so much to the satisfaction of the audience that they recalled her, when she gave, in place of it, Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark" (the flute *obbligato* part being played in perfection by Mr W. L. Barrett), and Mr Edward Lloyd, who gave the *aria* "Rachel, O my daughter," from Halevy's *La Juive*, magnificently, and was twice "called back." In the miscellaneous part of the concert the features were Auber's Overture to *Le Domino Noir* and Wagner's to *Tannhäuser*. A selection from *Masaniello* and some charming pianoforte solos by Tito Mattei, "Espoir" and "Chit-chat" (encored), played by the composer. The arrangement for the extra military band and other attractions announced for this (Saturday) evening are postponed till next Saturday, October 4.

LISZT, LISZT, O LISZT!

C'était vers 1835. Un pianiste (que vous avez la permission d'appeler Liszt) faisait une tournée de concerts en province. Arrivé dans la petite ville de X... où le fanatisme musical ne règne pas, il éprouva un grand déboire, presque une humiliation... Sept personnes seulement sont venues pour l'entendre! Cependant, il ne se trouble pas à la vue de tant de banquettes innocentes, et, prenant la parole, il tient à peu près ce langage:

"Mesdames et messieurs, je suis très honoré de votre empressement... Mais cette salle n'est pas confortable; on y étouffe... Si vous le voulez, je vais faire transporter ce piano à l'hôtel où je suis descendu; et là, en petit comité, tout à l'aise, je vous exécuterai le programme annoncé."

La proposition est acceptée, et Liszt regale ses invités non seulement de musique, mais d'un charmant souper servi au champagne frappé... Le lendemain, une affiche collée sur tous les murs annonçait un deuxième concert. Ah! pour cette fois, la foule s'y précipite, aussi idolâtre qu'alléchée.

Mais, autre tableau: l'artiste se présente sur l'estrade, joue dédaigneusement deux morceaux... et s'en va! On ne l'a jamais revu dans la petite ville de X...

—Charivari, 1835.

Teetotalers never seem to tire of denouncing the drinks of their neighbours. I wonder why some of them do not take up their parable against the horrible compounds known as "temperance drinks." It is not very long since a Yorkshire chemist was fined heavily for selling a most poisonous mixture of methylated spirit, cardamums, ginger, and syrup, as "teetotaler's nightcap," and now, in the same county, the analysts are prosecuting manufacturers of ginger-beer and aerated waters for allowing their fluids to be contaminated with lead and copper. In one case Mr Allen, the West Riding analyst, reports, "This sample contains a very notable quantity of lead. I estimate the proportion of lead present at one and a quarter grains of the metal per imperial gallon. If a liquid containing the quantity of lead present in the sample were habitually taken, severe and even fatal symptoms of lead poisoning would be liable to ensue." In another case, the county analyst certified the ginger-beer submitted to him to contain nearly three grains of lead per gallon—"a proportion which is highly dangerous." On the whole, perhaps one might do worse than stick to John Barleycorn—if a beneficent Government would withdraw the permission lately accorded to brewers to make their beer of maize, rice, treacle, and any other cheap and injurious nastiness.—*England* ("The Toper").

* Wise in his generation.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 64.

(Continued from page 596.)

1815.

The King's Theatre opened on the 10th of January with a new serious opera called *Adelasia Allerranno*. The music was by Mayer, a composer then not much known. In this opera Mme Sessi, Signor Graan, and Signor Levasseur, made their first appearance in England. Mme Sessi's voice was clear and powerful, its compass was extensive, and her style tasteful, but she sang without expression. The voice of Signor Graan was of a good quality, and he sang with elegance and feeling, and Signor Levasseur had a powerful bass voice, which he managed with skill. The two former were very successful. The music of this opera is highly creditable to its composer. On Thursday the 6th of July, a grand performance took place at the King's Theatre, under the immediate patronage of the Prince Regent, in honour of the victory gained over Napoleon on the 18th of June, at Waterloo, and for the exclusive benefit of the widows and children of those soldiers who gloriously and bravely fell on that occasion. The performances were the last act of the serious opera, *I Ratti Epezo*, and, by permission of the Prince Regent, Beethoven's "Battle piece," &c. Mme Sessi sang "Rule, Britannia" and "God save the King," which was loudly called for, and was sung twice amidst tumultuous applause, from one of the most numerous audiences ever witnessed at this theatre.—"So should desert in arms be crowned."

That the British nation is a powerful one her fleets and armies have attested time out of mind; and that the sons of British soil evince great individual courage is no less true. Their manner, however, of settling their private quarrels by the pistol in high, and the fists in low life, has given rise to much diversity of opinion; but, as the latter is a strong national characteristic, it has been much encouraged, notwithstanding that it would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." Indeed, pugilism had become so fashionable, that many of the most exalted personages, although death had in several instances occurred, considered it no disgrace not only to encourage but to witness these ferocious combats.

This species of contest has, however, for some time past been on the decline, and is now rather at a low ebb. Many of the professors, however, of that learned science, having a language of their own, denominated by their lexicographers slang, have fought their way into comfortable retirement, and, having become publicans as well as sinners, they by advertisement invite all the double-refined part of society to partake of the convivialities of their sanctuaries, at the signs of "The Goose and Gridiron," "The Hole in the Wall," "The Cat and Bagpipes," &c. There, during "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," fresh scenes of slaughter are projected! The boxing system thirty years ago had arrived at such a height, and was so much patronised, that it was considered a mark of distinction in a gentleman to appear as the avowed patron of one of those modern gladiators; and I recollect at the house of a Member of Parliament of large fortune in Bruton Street, having had the honour of being introduced to Humphreys, the famous pugilist of that day (a portrait of whom, by Hopner, hung over the fire-place), who joined the party after dinner to drink claret! We have also specimens of the destructive powers of some of the canine race at the well-known pit in Westminster, where a popular dog, named Billy, has killed one hundred rats in the short space of ten minutes! This extraordinary cur is held in such estimation by the amateurs that considerable sums have been offered for him, which his master has constantly rejected, saying, at the same time, "If ever I sells this here dog, I won't take too much for him." Before the preceding infatuations started up contests in the fine arts occasionally took place, in patronising which gentlemen of high rank were justly proud. Amongst these were one betwixt the two great painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds and the celebrated Gainsborough. These artists, during the American war, were each employed to paint a portrait of General Tarleton, who in that memorable contest had eminently distinguished himself. Sir Joshua's picture (a fine composition) represented the hero in the act of anxiously fastening on one of his spurs to join the combat, attended by a black soldier holding the reins of his impatient charger. Gainsborough's painting represented the general simply on horseback scouring the plain at full speed, after the manner of the sign of the Horse and Groom at Chelsea! These two pictures were exhibited the same year at Somerset House. Gainsborough, however, in a succeeding exhibition, made ample amends for this solitary instance of failure by producing his fine picture of "The maid and the three young pigs." Nothing, perhaps, could be more exquisitely portrayed than the pigs, one of whom in particular appeared as if it breathed; but his representation of the maid, who had brought them their food, and

was looking at them while they were eating it, was, unlike the other parts of the picture, ill-drawn, displaying too much of his usual coarseness of colouring. On this Peter Pindar said in one of his odes to painters:

The white pig I allow

Is an admirable sow,

I wish to say the same of the maid!

This picture, which excited the admiration of all the lovers of the art, was (highly to the honour of both artists) purchased by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Being acquainted with Gainsborough at the period when this picture was in progress, I have seen at his house in Pall Mall the three little pigs (who did not, in the common phrase, sit for their likenesses) gamboling about his painting room, whilst he was catching an attitude or a leer from them at his easel.

Signora Anna Selina Storace, who had delighted the public both on the Italian and the English stage, died in July, 1814, at Walton-on-Thames. She was born in England, and was the daughter of Mr Stephano Storace, an Italian, who was for many years a distinguished performer on the double bass at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. Signora Storace, whose mother was an English woman, received her musical education principally in Italy, where she became so great a favourite that Bianchi composed the favourite opera, *Castore e Polluce*, expressly for her. She came to England from Vienna, where she had been a great favourite, and she made her first appearance at the King's Theatre in 1787, where her reception was most flattering. In the year 1789 she appeared on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre in a comic opera, composed and compiled by her brother, Stephen Storace, called *The Haunted Tower*. The great success of this opera was as much attributable to the superiority of Signora Storace's histrionic and vocal powers as to the merits of her brother's music. After her brother's death, in 1796, she again visited the continent, and returned to London in the year 1801, having, while in Vienna, made an engagement with Mr Harris, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, on the boards of which she appeared with great éclat in an opera, composed by Mazzinghi and Reeve, called *Chains of the heart*, and afterwards, in the operas of *The Cabinet* and the *English Fleet*, she delighted the audience whilst she contributed greatly to their success. In the year 1806 she removed to Drury Lane Theatre, where she continued to gratify the public to the end of the season of 1808, when she retired from her profession, after more than twenty years' successful exertions. During her professional career Signora Storace had experienced so many instances of ingratitude from those whose interests she had promoted, as would have justified her in saying with the poet, "Ingratitude is, as if this mouth should tear this hand for lifting food to it." This, however, did not abate her liberality; and amongst other kind bequests she made, was one of a thousand pounds to the fund of the Royal Society of Musicians.

(To be continued.)

The Apollo Musical Club, New York, has offered prizes, one of 100, and one of 50 dollars, for the best two four-part songs, for male voices unaccompanied, the competition being open only to composers now resident in America.

In the course of time our actors and actresses of repute will all divide their time between London and New York. Carping critics say that Mr Irving has been ill-advised in making a second trip to America. He will lose his hold here they say. Pickles! How can it be a disadvantage to an artist to enlarge his constituency? It is not Mr Irving alone. All our front rank players will find it an advantage in every way to have one season at home and another in the States. Miss Anderson and Miss Minnie Palmer have no occasion to regret coming here, I should say. Next year a number of our comic opera young people will cross the Atlantic, amongst them Miss Florence St John. I wonder that Miss Farren has never taken a troupe of comic people over. I dare say she will one of these days.—CORIOLANUS.

AUGUSTUS HARRIS AND CAB-TOUTS AT THEATRES.—The nuisance of cab-touts which at the numerous theatres along the line of the Strand has become almost intolerable has been effectively dealt with at Drury Lane, where Mr Augustus Harris has introduced a new service of smart-looking lads in grey and light blue uniforms, who are charged with the special duty of running messages and fetching vehicles for visitors. The system appears to work well and to be appreciated by those who have suffered from the pestering importunities and unchecked insolence of the old irregular assemblage of ragged urchins. This minor but not unimportant reform may be regarded as supplementary to the system of free programmes and the suppression of fees; and as such it will certainly not detract from the popularity of Drury Lane or of the brilliant revival of *The World*.

HAYDON TILLA.

A well-known New York musician the other day introduced me to a gentleman who was with him, and who had just come from Denver. This gentleman turned out to be Haydon Tilla, the well-known tenor, who has been travelling all over this country, singing in concerts and opera, for the last ten years. In the course of a conversation which turned on the art of singing, Tilla abruptly said:—"Do you know why Patti sings and Kellogg does not?"

The question disconcerted me. The two women were about the same age, both were excellent musicians, both had been pre-eminently successful, both were known to be careful and abstemious in their way of living, and here was one, Patti, still singing as well as ever, while the other, Kellogg, had retired from the stage, although in the best of physical health and in the prime of life. Finding I gave no reply, Tilla answered his own question:

"Because Patti knows *how* to sing, knows *where* the voice is, and hence how to get at it, while Kellogg never possessed this knowledge, and has, therefore, excellent artist though she be, worn herself out. The great artists who knew how to sing have all sung into a green old age."—*Freund.*

[How about Malibran and Angiolina Bosio (not to name others)! Surely these famous ladies "knew how to sing," and none can doubt that they were "great artists;" yet both died at an early age—Malibran, for example, when five or six years younger than Mme Patti is at the present time. Thus much for Haydon Tilla, who should till his historical soil with more husbandmanish sagacity, or Hay' don(e) with it.—*Dr Widge.*]

—o—
PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—In your notice of the Worcester Festival, in writing of Herr Dvorák, you state: "He will return to us next year, when a new work from his pen is to be produced at the Birmingham Festival." Will you kindly permit me to state that Herr Dvorák is under an engagement to compose a new symphony for the Philharmonic Society, and that he has promised to conduct this work at one of the said Society's concerts next spring. As this date is anterior to that of the Birmingham Festival, I shall feel exceedingly obliged if you will kindly give publicity to these few lines. I have the honour to remain, dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

FRANCESCO BERGER,
Hon. Sec. Philharmonic Society.

6, York Street, Portman Square.
20th September, 1884.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Something, which attracted much attention, recently happened at an examination in the Paris Conservatory. Just as the cornet-à-pistons class was about to commence, an incident occurred which is unprecedented in the annals of the institution. The Chairman of the Board of Examiners, M. Ambroise Thomas, specified to the first student who presented himself for examination the *tempo* in which he should take the piece he was about to play. Hereupon M. Arban, the professor of the class, observed to the Chairman that the *tempo* the latter had indicated was too hurried, considering how difficult the piece was to execute. The student then went through his performance and was covered with applause. The matter would, without doubt, have gone no further, had not M. Arban again spoken immediately afterwards, and apologised to the Examiners and their Chairman for the outburst of vivacity to which he, the speaker, had given way, at the same time insisting that the *tempo* he considered right should be adopted by the other students who presented themselves for examination. Then it was that the wind, ceasing to issue from the instruments, began to rumble dully and threaten a storm. M. Ambroise Thomas replied that the *tempo* he had indicated was right, and precisely the *tempo* prescribed by the composer of the piece, who himself was one of the Examiners. "At any rate," continued M. Ambroise Thomas, "I cannot allow discussions to be carried on between the professors and the Chairman of the Board of Examiners during the examinations." At these words there was hooting in a certain part of the room. In presence of this manifestation, M. Ambroise Thomas did not hesitate. "Since it has come to this, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "the meeting is dissolved." With these words, he put on his hat, and, rising from his seat, left the place, followed by all the Examiners. The result was that the cornet-à-pistons examination was subsequently held with closed doors.

FOREIGN BUDGET.

(From Correspondents.)

BAMBERG.—A young lady aged 17 was recently summoned before the magistrates, and charged with having, between 8 and 11 o'clock, p.m., continuously played the piano to the annoyance of the neighbourhood, her windows being at the time open. For this, according to the local penal code, paragraph 360, clause 11, she had rendered herself liable to imprisonment or a fine of 50 thalers. Having been pronounced guilty by the court, the fair young offender was condemned to pay a mitigated fine of 1 mark and costs.

BRESLAU.—At a recent Wagner Concert in one of the public gardens, the *finale* of *Die Walküre*, that is, "Wotan's Farewell to Brünnhilde" and "The Fire Charm," were performed with trombone solo instead of a singer. In order to render the performance doubly attractive, the proprietor of the garden had the music accompanied by a grand pyrotechnic display of Bengal lights, rockets, Roman candles, and the electric light. The public were in raptures.

OSTEND.—A concert was recently given at the Kursaal, when the programme consisted exclusively of works from the pen of Théodore Radoux, director of the Conservatory, Liège, who himself officiated as conductor. It went off in a most satisfactory manner.

BERLIN.—Wagner's *Walküre* will re-appear in the bills during the early part of Albert Niemann's approaching engagement at the Royal Operahouse, where E. Frank's *Hero* will be produced some time in October, Mme Sachse-Hofmeister sustaining the title part.—By permission of the Emperor Wilhelm, the Choir of the Cathedral will make a tour during the Michaelmas holidays, and give concerts in Posen, Dantzic, Königsberg, and Marienburg.—The Symphony-Soirées of the Royal Orchestra are about to recommence. As a special mark of respect to Taubert, *Obercapellmeister*, for a long period director of these concerts, the first of the new series will be devoted entirely to his works. The programmes of the following concerts will contain compositions by modern composers in addition to others by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann.

BRUSSELS.—At the Théâtre de la Monnaie, this week, *The Barber of Seville* was given; and as at the present moment there is much political excitement between Catholics and Liberals, the opportunity was seized for a "demonstration" against one of the Catholic ministers. When M. Gresse, in the character of Don Basilio, appeared, made up in face and figure like M. Woeste, the Minister of Public Works, he was received with loud applause and roars of laughter, and it was some time before he could proceed with his performance.

Mr T. A. Wallworth, the highly esteemed *Maitre de Chant*, who has trained many of our best vocalists, including Mme Valleria, Miss Lucy Franklein, and others now eminent in their profession, has returned for the season to his town residence in Wimpole Street.

BIRKBECK LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane.—The prospectus for the 62nd session of this, the parent and largest institution, has just been issued. The inaugural address will be delivered by Professor Tyndall. The new building, the foundation stone of which was laid by the late Duke of Albany, is now completed, and provides superior accommodation for 6,000 students. The new institution has been erected for the special purpose of enabling the extensive educational work to be carried on with comfort and efficiency. Great attention has been paid to lighting and ventilation. The long list of classes includes every subject in languages, mathematics, natural, applied, and mental science, technology, art, music, law, literature, &c., which can be useful or beneficial to the students. Especial attention has been paid to the establishment of practical classes in many of the subjects, and the chemical and biological laboratories have been thoroughly fitted up. The spacious art room will afford unusual facilities to the students of the School of Art, which will open at the commencement of the session. The classes will not as heretofore be restricted to the evening. In many of the subjects morning and afternoon classes will be held. Students will be prepared for university, legal, civil service, and other examinations. During the past session the Institution's candidates were eminently successful. In the large and handsome lecture hall, which seats 1,200 persons, lectures will be delivered by Professors Gardiner, Morley, and Tomlinson, Drs B. W. Richardson and Andrew Wilson, Messrs Samuel Brandram, W. A. Barrett, Archibald Forbes, G. Barnett Smith, &c. We regret to observe that the sum of £6,500 is still required to pay for the building. This amount should be at once cleared off by the contributions of those who support the all-important cause of education. Amongst the recent donors is Her Majesty the Queen, who has graciously sent £50 to the fund. The bankers are Messrs Smith, Payne & Smith, Lombard Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T. D. (Taunton).—Where is the promised *Musical Year* (by J. B.), and where the performing edition of *The Messiah* (by G. A. M.)? We have waited five months in vain.
F. B. (New York).—Post Office order received.

DEATHS.

On September 18, at Charlcombe, Bath, MARTHA, widow of JOHN BIANCHI TAYLOR, late of Bath.

On September 18, at Southsea, CAROLINE ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of the late Rev. N. S. GODFREY, Vicar of St Bartholomew's, Southsea.

On September 20, at 11, South Crescent, Bedford Square, CHARLOTTE JOSEPHINE VICKERY, widow of the Rev. F. W. J. Vickery, aged 68 years.—R.I.P.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.

VERDI AT HOME.

The subjoined particulars of Verdi's life in his country home are supplied by "An Intimate Friend" of the composer to an "intimate friend" of that "Intimate Friend's." Frederic Archer, of the "Key-note," bestows them in plenary confidence on his readers; whereby occasion is here taken for the benefit of our own.

His favourite residence is his country seat at Busseta. It is at a considerable distance from any railroad station, and situated in the midst of a wild and desolate landscape. A lofty wall (if I understand my informant aright, a triple row of walls) surrounds the grounds, which are of great extent. The house is further guarded by two enormous dogs of the famous Pyrenean breed, which are Verdi's great pets and constant companions. The porter has orders to admit no visitors except those who come by special invitation from the master of the house, so that often a distinguished personage will make his way out to this guarded castle only to be met by the information that its master is away from home. "But can we not see the house?" is the next query. "Impossible; we have not got the keys." Verdi meanwhile is promenading with his dogs in some distant portion of the grounds, delighting in his immunity from intrusion. The house itself is of immense size, and the rooms are of proportionate extent, with very lofty ceilings. There is a large billiard-room on the first floor (Verdi is especially fond of the game), and a music-room of exceptional acoustic properties, a series of drawing-rooms, and finally the guarded sanctum that no one dares to approach—namely, Verdi's study. There he shuts himself up for hours every day, and sometimes for days at a time, only emerging to eat and sleep. He does very little of the latter, seldom retiring before midnight, and always rising at half-past five, both in winter and summer. "On the rare occasions that I have been admitted to his study," says my informant, "there were always some freshly-written sheets of music lying on his desk, and if I approached too near or strove to cast a glance at the MSS., Verdi would take me by the arm and lead me from the room. 'You read music too easily,' he said to me one day; 'I will not have you investigating my work.'" Verdi is now seventy-three years of age. He has no children, and his seclusion is shared only by his wife. His vast establishment is thoroughly well kept up, some twenty servants being employed to take care of it and minister to the wants of the great composer and Mme Verdi. He is a fine looking old man, with snow-white hair and moustache. The death of Wagner, who was just his age, made a deep impression upon him, and has caused a visible alteration in his health. He has grown older in aspect and in his habits ever since his great German rival passed away. It is generally understood that his opera of *Iago* is completed, but he will not give it to the world till his intimate friend, Signor Corti, resumes the directorship of La Scala, which he relinquished to take charge of the Italian opera at Paris. His friend further declared that he thinks it probable that, like Victor Hugo, Verdi has now in his possession the scores of several completed works which will not see the light till after his death. His published operas number one hundred and twenty-five, and include all styles from the Auber-like lightness of *Il Corsaro* down to the Wagnerian science of *Aida*. His country seat is crowded with rare, costly, and beautiful things, many of them gifts from the various sovereigns of Europe. To guard against

thieves the doors and windows on the first floor are closed with heavy gratings of iron, which are locked every night by Verdi himself.

"An Intimate Friend" is wrong about the ages both of Verdi and Wagner. The former, D.V., will be seventy-one next month. The latter, had he lived, would have been close upon the same age.—Dr Blügg.

THE MUSICIANS OF ARISTOPHANES.*

A FANCY FROM THE ANTIQUE.

(Continued from page 546.)

We all know what is the subject of *The Frogs*. Bacchus, one of the gods to whom the stage was dedicated, decided, like Orpheus, to go down to the Infernal Regions. Tired of the fruitless attempts made by the poets of his time, Aristophanes determined on descending to the abode of Pluto and Proserpine, and arousing the shade of Æschylus, that he might restore to the latter the throne of tragedy, wrongfully given, as Aristophanes thought, to Euripides. But the true object of the piece called *The Frogs* was, as we shall see, to give, under the semblance of a fairy spectacle, a representation of what Aristophanes had managed to learn concerning the redoubtable Eleusinian Mysteries, for the revelation of which Æschylus had nearly paid with his life. This was a dangerous enterprise, and, if not crowned with success, might cost the poet dear! We will now proceed. Without having penetrated the secret of how the theatres of antiquity were lighted, we will begin by observing that *The Frogs*, in which there were to be several scenic effects either optical or of the kind the French now call *Ombres Chinoises*, appear to have passed and been represented mostly during the night; at the point we have now reached in the piece, Bacchus, on the borders of the infernal swamp, calls out to the old ferryman, Charon, "Hulloa, Charon!" Charon, having returned from the abode of cares and misfortune, is resting upon the banks of the river Lethe. "It is I," says Bacchus. Charon.—Get in quickly. Bacchus to Xanthias.—Here, Slave. Charon.—I do not take slaves! Bacchus.—Very well! Then do you go, Xanthias, and wait for us at the stone of Avenus.

In ancient times the road to the Infernal Regions, like that to our cemeteries, was bordered on each side by wine-shops and hosteries. Bacchus, still unknown, enters the bark, and the conversation, which becomes more and more risky, is continued between him and Charon. It is accompanied by the croaking of the Frogs, which, as we know, croak only at night:—Brekekekex, coax, coax;† I am cherished by the Muses with the melodious lyre, and by goat-footed Pan, who draws from his pipe such gentle strains; I am the delight of Apollo, god of the lute, because I cause to grow in the water of my marshes the reed which serves for the bridge of the lyre . . . Brekekekex, coax, Brekekekex, coax, coax.—Here appear the proofs already given in *The Birds* of the skill possessed by the ancient scene-painters and machinists: While in the orchestra, which represented Acheron, the boat of the sombre ferryman was passing from the courtyard side to the garden side, there were marvels visible upon the stage, where the scene changed several times. First, there was the Empusa,‡ the hideous spectre sent by Hecate. Thanks to some optical device, her face was illuminated by a brilliant light. She had a brazen leg and a donkey's hoof.§ She assumed also several forms, such as that of an ox, a mule, &c. On arriving near the black stone, Bacchus paid the ferryman and called his Slave: "Xanthias! Hulloa, Xanthias!" The Slave ran up, his voice, at first heard in the distance, gradually growing nearer and nearer. Xanthias.—I greet you, Master! Bacchus.—What have you seen during your passage? Xanthias.—Darkness and mud. Bacchus.—Have you seen any parricides and perjurers? Xanthias.—No! but (pointing to some of the audience) I see some now!—At this daring and terrible answer, the actors looked at each other, and signs of disapprobation were evident in the faces of those who did not wear a mask. Bacchus and Xanthias, grouped

* From *L'Art Musical*.

† Brekekekex, kōdē kōdē, comic words formed to imitate the croaking of frogs.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ Εμπουσα, a "hobgoblin."—TRANSLATOR.

§ Hence she was called ὀσκαῶν, ὀσκαῶνις, ὀσκαῶνις, "having ass's legs."—TRANSLATOR.

on what the French would now-a-days call the *manteau d'arlequin*, were leaning against each other. At the above words, which served as a cue, the Persian tapestry, which was raised, and on which were beheld, painted or embroidered, horses with cocks' heads and goats with stags' horns, slowly descending and disappearing beneath the stage, exposed to view the scene. "Reassure yourself," said Bacchus to Xanthias, "Empusa has vanished." "Here," said Aristophanes, standing up on the *pulpitum*, "you will imitate, to amuse the public, the mistake made by Hegelochus, who, a few days ago, in the *Orestes* of Euripides, confounded one word with another; you will say like him: 'The cat is restored,' instead of 'Calm is restored.'" The actors burst out laughing, but Hegelochus, who was with them on the stage, thought the joke out of place. "I say!" exclaimed Xanthias. "What is it?" replied Bacchus. "Do you not hear something, Master?" inquired the Slave. "What?" asked the God. "The sound of flutes," continued Xanthias. "Of course I do," said Bacchus. "The wind wafts hither an odour of torches, as it were. Let us conceal ourselves and listen." The scene recently exposed to view was the Elysian Fields, and was charming. Almost complete obscurity reigned on the stage, which represented a large meadow gemmed with flowers; real myrtle branches, loaded with their fruit, rose to the borders. At the back of the stage, which was exceedingly shallow, before the three doors forming the architectural and permanent part of the scene in the Greek theatres, and rendered transparent by means of the torches which illuminated them from behind and of a collection of lamps such as were employed in the temples, and sometimes called by the Latin name, *Lychnuchus*,|| there were spread light cloths, on which passed the shades of the Initiated who were dead and rewarded. With the exception of Bacchus and Xanthias, supposed to be invisible, the stage was empty. During the passage of the shades a concert of flutes was heard, imitating the songs of birds. At first they played alone; then they were accompanied by lyres, which strengthened, as the harpsichord did subsequently, the melody with chords of two notes, in unison with the chorus of the Initiated, invisible behind the scenes.

(To be continued.)

VERDI has forwarded 200 liras to the Milan Cholera Fund.

THERE will shortly be another performance of *Parsifal*, for King Ludwig exclusively, at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

It is said that the enterprising *impresario*, Mr Samuel Hayes, of Bond Street, has taken Her Majesty's Theatre for a season of light Italian opera at cheap prices, to commence next month.

MR CHARLES LYALL has returned to town after a brief visit to his friend, Mr Betjemann, at Margate, where Mr Betjemann has passed a holiday, with his son, a clever and rising student in our Royal Academy of Music.

MISS MADEIRA CRONIN, the accomplished pianist, whose severe accident in the summer necessitated her withdrawing the announcement of her annual concert and leaving town for the season, our readers will be pleased, we are sure, to learn is quite recovered, and has returned to her residence in Welbeck Street to resume her professional duties.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The twenty-ninth series of the Saturday Afternoon Concerts, conducted by Mr Manns, will commence on October 18, and among the interesting features will be a performance (for the first time in England) of Berlioz's *Te Deum*, for three choirs with orchestra and organ. The bi-centenary birthdays of Bach and Handel are to be celebrated in February and March. On the anniversary of the birth of Brahms in the last-named month, there is a possibility of his fourth symphony (which, we learn, is almost finished) being given. Mr F. H. Cowen's new symphony (No. 4) is announced for the concert of December 13, which he will conduct; and the late Joachim Raff's last symphony, *Im Winter*, will be given on February 21. These, with the repetition of many classical works, and the engagement of eminent artists—vocal and instrumental—will help to maintain the high character of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts.

|| The Latin name was simply a most literal rendering of the Greek original: *λυχνόχου*, "a lamp-stand."—TRANSLATOR.

THE MUSICAL TRAINING OF MDME PATTI.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Under the above heading a statement has recently appeared in *The Times*. Its publication proves the interest your readers take in everything that concerns that great artist. I send you a brief statement of the facts.

In October, 1843, in Vicenza, Italy, I gave a concert at which Clotilda, the sister of Adelina, appeared. The child Adelina was then six months old; and from that time on, with a few exceptions mentioned later on, I was constantly with Adelina Patti until her marriage to the Marquis de Caux.

She was, so to say, born in and to the opera. Her mother was singing Norma when she found herself compelled to leave the stage before the last act; shortly after Patti's baby voice was heard.

The child was with her mother at the opera even when a baby, and at the age of three years her father went to New York to direct Italian opera in that city. She could herself, when only four years old, sing many of the most difficult operatic airs almost to perfection, incredible as this may seem. Besides her mother and sisters, she heard the great artists of that day, I then, her brother-in-law, taking care that she should lose no opportunity of doing so. Among those she heard at that tender impressionable age I may mention Jenny Lind, Grisi, Bosio, Sontag, Frezzolini, Piccolomini, Albani, and Parepa-Rosa.

Signora Paravelli, a friend of the house, taught the child her letters, and, being a good singer and pianist, sometimes played her accompaniments when she sang.

One day, Max Maretzek, successor to Signor Patti as director, was to give a charity benefit at Trippler's Hall, New York, all his operatic artists taking part. Then and there, in 1850, Adelina Patti, not yet eight years of age, made her first public appearance, singing the "Rondo" from *Sonnambula*, and Jenny Lind's "Echo Song."

I had just returned from a concert tour, and at the urgent request of her parents, who were members of my household, I organized some concerts for Adelina, and with marked success. Soon after I made an arrangement for her appearance in the concerts of the great violinist, Ole Bull, which I directed and managed, with Adelina as one of the company, some three years.

During those years she studied with me and learned over 100 operatic selections and ballads, hearing and seeing the best vocal and dramatic artists. She never failed to sing daily her scales and exercises.

When she was 12-13, and it was best that she should cease singing for a time, I was absent from her, engaged in writing an opera (*Giovanni di Napoli*, written for Mlle Parodi, and performed in New York in 1857). During my absence, and against my advice, she made a tour in the West Indies with Gottschalk, and was gone about two years. Until I rejoined her she studied with her half-brother, Ettore Barili, also with Signor Manzocchi, learning two operas—*Sonnambula* and *Lucia*.

When she was 15 both her parents, thinking her ready for the stage, and encouraged by all who heard the marvellous child, desired that she should make her operatic *début*. I most earnestly opposed it, assured that her voice needed rest and development. I fortunately persuaded them to postpone her appearance for one year, when I thought she could safely take a principal part in operatic performances. She studied faithfully the ensuing months, and I altered some passages in which her voice was too severely taxed, and introduced cadenzas which enabled her to employ her marvellous upper register in the two operas of *Sonnambula* and *Lucia*—cadenzas which Mdme Patti still sings without change.

She made her *début* on the 24th November, 1859, under my management, having one single piano and one orchestral rehearsal with my then conductor, Signor E. Muzio. She had on that first night the phenomenal success which has but continued and augmented ever since. During a period of nine years I was never absent for a day from her father and herself, or failed to study with her. I was her sole vocal and musical instructor. During that time I had the honour of presenting her to the London public and the principal European capitals, her first appearance in London taking place on the 14th May, 1861. And, by the by, I had no little difficulty in effecting an arrangement with the veteran manager, Mr Gye, whose fame as an opera director will never die. I only succeeded in making an engagement which compelled Patti to sing three nights without pay, Gye reserving the right to engage her for five seasons on his own terms. He paid her the first season £150 a month, she to sing eight times—not quite £20 a night. Times have changed since then.

She studied with me from the first to the last note the following operas, and retains my cadenzas and changes at the present moment:—*Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Don Pasquale*, *Puritani*, *Elisir d'Amore*,

Martha, Don Giovanni (Zerlina), *Traviata, Trovatore, Rigoletto, Ernani, Mosè in Egitto, Otello, Linda di Chamouni, Dinorah, Huguenots* (Valentine), *Faust, Romeo e Giulietta, Verdi's Giovanna d'Acro, Don Desiderio* by Poniatowski, &c.

I claim no special merit for this, as Adelina Patti had really so exceptional a talent that she would probably have achieved all that she has without me, or even more with a more competent teacher. But I must claim most positively that I was her only teacher for a year previous to her *début* until her marriage.

It is also my most intimate conviction that the care I was able to exercise during the development of her voice, and the unmatched solidity it acquired, not only preserved her organ, but helped to make it so exceptional.

To those who would dedicate themselves to the art of song, I would say, "There is but one method, that of the old Italian school." I myself was in Italy when I could hear the artists who knew the traditions of that school, and enjoyed the instruction and friendship of Chevalier Micheroux, the teacher of Pasta, whom I also knew intimately. She had retired to private life, the possessor of a large fortune, which she generously dispensed in aid of charity and art. She was living in Milan and Como, and graciously received a certain number of pupils, whom she fitted for the operatic stage when she found them sufficiently talented, while to others she gave a *dot*, enabling them to marry. When they were receiving her instruction I played for her the accompaniments, and the knowledge gained from Micheroux and Pasta I imparted as far as lay in my power to Adelina Patti. Believe me, Sir, your obedient servant,

MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

Ole Bull's Island, Norway.

PROVINCIAL.

NORWICH.—A special meeting of the Corporation was held on Tuesday, at the Guildhall, the Mayor (Dr Eade) in the chair. The Mayor said that as this would probably be the last meeting of the Council before the commencement of the Musical Festival, he had been asked to say a few words in reference to it. He had received a request from the Festival Committee to ask the support of this Council and the citizens generally, but he had received no request such as had been made in former years as to the attendance of the members at any special concert. A feeling, however, had been expressed that he should ask the Council and the citizens generally to support this great triennial event in Norwich. They would remember that the profits of the Festival would not only be given to the principal charities, but the Festival itself was also of great importance and assistance to the trade and welfare of the city in various ways. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with this feeling in their mind, had kindly consented to come and support the Festival, and so assist the local charities. He was sure that the Corporation and citizens would do their best to give everyone who came to Norwich on this occasion a very hearty welcome. Mr Ray said there was a feeling on the part of many persons who voluntarily sang in the chorus, that the area outside St Andrew's Hall should be well lighted, so as to ensure not only comfort but safety when leaving the concerts. The Mayor had no doubt the Festival Committee would feel obliged to Mr Ray for this suggestion. Mr Freeman remarked that he had had a conversation with the Deputy-Mayor on this subject, and Mr Gilman told him that the subject would receive the attention of the Festival Committee.

WORCESTER.—The closing service of the Festival was held at the Cathedral, on Friday. The admission, as on Sunday, was by free ticket, and a portion was open without ticket. The service commenced at 6.30, but the congregation began to assemble more than an hour before, and the whole of the available space was occupied. Those present must have numbered nearly 4,000. The following was the order of the service, the music of which was carefully and impressively sung:—Overture, *Last Judgment* (introduction to the second part), Spohr; Psalm 148 and 149, chant in F, Elvey; Psalm 150, grand chant, Humphrey; "Cantate Domino" in D, Attwood; "Deus Misereatur" in D, Attwood. "O sing unto the Lord," Purcell, was given as anthem after the third collect, and before the blessing the anthem was Beethoven's "Hallelujah to the Father." Tallis's responses were used. The lessons were read by the Dean and Canon Cattley, and the prayers by the Revs E. V. Hall and S. L. Malone. There was no sermon or address. The offertory at the close amounted to £43 14s. 7d.

WELLINGBORO'.—An organ recital was given last month by Mr G. Samson-Tipson (organist of Llandrindod, and choir trainer of the Brecon Archidiaconal Choral Society) in the Congregational Church. The "March of the Priests" (Mendelssohn) was first given, followed by an organ sonata, No. 1 (Mendelssohn). In introducing Miss K.

A. James, medallist, pupil of Professor Goldberg at the Royal Academy of Music, the Rev. J. W. Sturdy, the newly-appointed second minister, said he had the pleasure of introducing one with whose musical abilities they were already familiar (applause). Miss James met with a hearty reception, and gave an admirable rendering of the "Morning Prayer," from *Eli* (Costa). This was followed by a Gavotte in G (Handel), and an Andante in E minor (Batiste), Mrs Hucksion then sang, by special request, "The Lost Chord," with feeling and expression. Mr Samson-Tipson's own composition, "Gavotte de l'école," received an encore, and Miss Humphries afterwards "The Children's Home" (Cowan), this was followed by Andante in G (Batiste), and "Cornelius March" (Mendelssohn). Miss James then gave "The Worker," (Gounod), and in response to an encore, "Creation's Hymn." Mr Samson-Tipson next played "Gavotte de la Reine" (Dessau), and the recital closed with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." A vote of thanks was accorded to the performers, and a collection having been taken to defray the expenses, the proceedings terminated.

CARLISLE.—On Monday night a recital on the organ was given in St Cuthbert's Church, in this city, by Dr Spark, the well-known organist of the Leeds Town Hall. The occasion was the re-opening of the church organ, which has been removed from its old position in the centre of the west gallery and placed on the ground floor at the east end of the north aisle, the front pipes being carried up through the flooring of the gallery. Dr Spark's reputation drew together a large congregation, and almost every seat in the church was occupied. The proceedings were opened with a short service, and on its conclusion Dr Spark played the following pieces:—

Austrian Hymn, "God preserve the Emperor" (Haydn); Organ Solo, "Quis est homo" *Stabat Mater* (Rossini); Sonata in F major, W. Spark; Andante from the First Symphony in C (Beethoven); Storm Piece for the Organ (Batiste); Aria, Agnus Dei (extemporaneously varied) Mozart; Selection from *The Creation* (Chorus, "And the Spirit"; Air, "With verdure clad"; Grand chorus, "The Heavens are telling") Haydn.

The recital was listened to with keen enjoyment. On its termination the congregation sang the doxology, and after the Vicar (the Rev. R. Bower) had pronounced the benediction the congregation dispersed. During the performance a collection was made in aid of church expenses.

NOTTINGHAM.—It is always hazardous to be the first in anything, and to inaugurate a concert season at a period of the year when the days are long and the nights sufficiently pleasant to tempt people to remain out of doors rather than sit for a couple of hours in a hall the temperature of which may be heightened unpleasantly by the consumption of gas, was to venture upon a double risk. This, remarks the *Daily Guardian*, is what Miss Jeannie Rosse and her concert party did on Saturday evening, September 20, in giving their ballad concert in the Albert Hall. The concert party included Misses Margaret Hoare and Jeannie Rosse (contralto); Messrs Orlando Harley and Pelham Roof; Miss Kate Chaplin (violin), and Miss Nellie Chaplin (pianoforte). The opening number of the programme was Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" arranged as a quartet, and sung without accompaniment. The other harmonised pieces were "Un di si ben," Bishop's trio "Maiden Fair," and Pearsall's "The Watchman's Song," all of which were admirably rendered. Miss Jeannie Rosse introduced a new song composed expressly for her by Mr W. M. Hutchinson, also "The Lady of the Lea," by Henry Smart, and a new song by St Quentin, which reminded us strongly of Mr Hutchinson's compositions. Miss Rosse was recalled after each of her songs. The singing of Miss Margaret Hoare was a pleasant surprise, her interpretation of the aria, "Bel raggio," from *Semiramide*, taking the audience by storm. It is to be hoped we may soon have the pleasure of hearing Miss Hoare again in Nottingham. Songs by Barnby, Donizetti, and Hutchinson were given by Mr Orlando Harley, and songs by St Quentin, Baliol, and Benedict by Mr Roof. Miss Kate Chaplin's solos on the violin were charming performances for so young a lady. She played De Beriot's "Le Tremolo," and a selection of Scotch airs. Miss Nellie Chaplin's solos included one of Chopin's "Nocturnes," George Gear's "Rigaudon de Plaisir," &c. A return visit from this charming little concert party will be looked forward to with much pleasure. Should they come again we hope they will give us not quite so many of the productions of Hutchinson and St Quentin, as out of a dozen vocal pieces they monopolised between them exactly one half.

SOUTHSEA.—The concert on Monday at the Clarence Esplanade Pier introduced two singers, Mr Edward Levett and Mr Warwick Gray, whom Portsmouth—says the *Evening News*—may almost claim as her own. Mr Gray, who has of late adopted the musical profession, renewed acquaintance with an audience which many times previously had been charmed to hear him as an amateur. Since his departure his voice has increased in volume and mellowness without losing its rich quality. He was unanimously called upon to repeat his

first song, "Facing the foe," when he gave in inimitable style Private Willis's song from *Iolanthe*, accompanied by the band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, under the direction of Mr D. E. Batson, and it is doubtful if any Portsmouth audience ever heard this song under more favourable circumstances. Mr Gray subsequently gave "The Old Flag"; and, on its being re-demanded, substituted "The King and the Beggar Maid"; in both his unexceptionably fine voice was heard to advantage. Mr Edward Levetus possesses a pure tenor voice, which he has under perfect control. Both his songs—Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" and "Unlinked"—were received with great favour. Miss Jessie Royd was the lady singer, rendering Bishop's "Ye little birds" (flute *obligato*, Mr Strudwick) which she was called upon to repeat, with remarkable fluency, and joining Mr Levetus and Mr Warwick Gray in Randegger's always welcome trio, "I Naviganti" ("The Mariners"). The Marine Artillery Band varied the programme by playing several popular selections from well-known operas.

MR BRINLEY RICHARDS IN WALES.

The Western Mail, in their article on a lecture recently delivered by Mr Brinley Richards at the Tonyfelin Chapel, Caerphilly, implies—says *The North Wales Chronicle*—that that gentleman ignores "King Arthur." Mr Richards, we are assured, does nothing of the kind; but he does ignore the "Arthur of Romance"; and in alluding to the late Bishop Thirlwall, the *Mail* is not, perhaps, aware that Mr Brinley Richards knew him intimately, and often stayed with him at Abergwilly Palace.

The following is an excerpt from the article in *The Western Mail* alluded to: "The cautious Thirlwall declares his belief in the historical personality of Arthur. For Mr Richards' information, we would say that Thirlwall was an Englishman; he was, moreover, a bishop, a man of parts, and the author of a rather well-known history of Greece. Lest Mr Richards should not recognize him from this description, let us add that he for some time occupied Abergwilly Palace, near Carmarthen, not far from where Mr Richards himself was born. 'If it is only,' says Bishop Thirlwall, 'that there was a time when British princes were at war with the Saxons, and that one of those princes was named Arthur, it seems to me that nothing can be more probable.' His Lordship, who could have known hardly less of these things than Mr Richards himself, declares, moreover, that 'it does not seem as if anything more was maintained by the most learned Welsh writers' than that 'with regard to everything but Arthur's name' the stories of him are legendary—clearly showing two things: first, that this English Bishop and scholar believed in the historical personality of Arthur; and next, that 'the most learned modern Welsh writers' do not believe in much more."

CATHEDRAL ORGANISTS, &c.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—It has often occurred to me that if those who have access to the necessary records belonging to our Cathedrals were kindly to publish lists of the various musicians employed by them as organists, choristers, minor canons, &c., say for the last 300 years, they would confer a great benefit upon the entire musical community. Were such lists issued by all our Cathedrals, from Durham and Carlisle in the north, to Canterbury and Exeter in the south, much valuable and interesting information would be obtained and a flood of light thrown upon many points at present doubtful or obscure. Earnestly trusting that some public-spirited musician may act upon this hint, I remain, faithfully yours,

D. BAPTIE.

Ohnet's *Serge Panine*, adapted by French's "Dramatic Bureau" for Mrs Langtry, will be produced at Bristol in November, and at Prince's Theatre, Coventry Street, in January.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The first "Henry Smart" scholarship was competed for on Thursday. The examiners were Messrs Lunn, Walter Macfarren, Rose, C. E. Stephens, and the Principal (chairman). The scholarship was awarded to W. J. Kipps.

MUNICH.—During a recent performance in a "Tetralogical Series," at the Theatre Royal, one of the audience, seized with a sudden fit of madness, endeavoured to strangle a lady sitting next him, and it was only with very great difficulty she was rescued from his grasp. Strange to say, his name also is Wagner, the same as that of the composer whose *Götterdämmerung* was in course of representation when the assault was committed. (Not surprised at all.—Dr Blügel.)

BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

The season has commenced very favourably at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The opening opera was *Les Huguenots*, with Verhees, a new comer, as Raoul. M. Verhees gave great satisfaction, and bids fair to become popular. A new baritone, Séguin, was not particularly effective as the Count de Nevers, but in *Guillaume Tell* he obtained a firm grip of the audience. Mdlle Hamackers, so many years a great attraction, has been succeeded by Mdle Hamann, who has no reason to complain of the welcome she received. Mdle Potel has not been equally fortunate. Heralded beforehand as a star of the first magnitude, she made her debut as Catarina in *Les Diamants de la Couronne*. After the curtain had fallen on the first act, the stage-manager, Lapiside, came forward and, on the score of sudden indisposition, begged indulgence for the lady. The public were mollified, and prepared to accord the indulgence demanded. But in vain they waited and waited; it seemed as though the opera would never be resumed. Under the circumstances, they began to lose patience, and express the fact in an unmistakable manner. At last the curtain went up, but only to discover the stage-manager again. Advancing towards the footlights, M. Lapiside stated that, as the young lady's indisposition still continued, the managers had resolved not to go on with the performance, and had ordered that all money taken at the doors should be returned. Such a thing, probably, never occurred before at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

R. S. B.

GILLMAN AND SPENCER'S PRESERVATIVE SOLUTIONS AND GELATINISED RICE MALT.

(From the "British Medical Journal.")

We directed attention some time since to the growing use of rice malt in the brewing of beer, and the use of what are known as "preservative solutions" by addition to the water used in brewing. We have since had occasion to examine the whole question with care, from its dietetic as well as its chemical aspects, and the results are of practical interest from both points of view. We entertain no doubt that the use of this rice malt is a distinct advantage in brewing, and is a really useful application to the art. We have examined a series of samples of beer brewed, by some of the most eminent firms in and out of the metropolis, from rice malt. We have found them in every respect of good quality; and, from their analysis, as well as from examination of the whole process, it is clear that the use of malted rice is an important element of economy in the production of beer, and that it produces beer which contains a smaller proportion of incompletely changed ferment; and that such beer would, therefore, keep sound longer than beer brewed by the old-fashioned methods.

The preservative solutions introduced by Messrs Gillman and Spencer do in fact introduce into the water used in brewing only those mineral elements (and in that proportion which has been found by practical use of the natural waters of Burton and other celebrated springs to produce the best beer) which give the soundest and best results. They supersede, in fact, the rule of thumb, and the often crude and imperfect methods by which brewers, not so fortunately placed in respect to their wells as some members of the trade, somewhat crudely endeavour to bring the mineral constituents of the water used in brewing on a par with their more favoured competitors. The solutions are not only innocuous, but, used according to directions, and with due knowledge of the facts, their employment may be recommended as strictly scientific and according to the best principles of brewing. We have no doubt that they constitute a sound and useful advance, and that the result in beer is all the better in every respect for their use.

Marcella Sembrich will sing this winter for the first time before a Paris audience. She is to appear at the Théâtre Italien as Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, Maurel being the Prince.

Mr George Stoker, of 25, Old Burlington Street, Piccadilly, writes to the dramatic critic of the *Daily News*:—"Will you kindly allow me to correct a false impression that has gone abroad with regard to Miss Ellen Terry's recent illness. It was stated in several journals that she was suffering from blood poisoning, the result of vaccination. I beg to state that Miss Terry was successfully vaccinated on the left arm ten days before the whitlow from which she suffered appeared on the right thumb. I may also mention that I vaccinated twelve other persons with the same lymph as was used in Miss Terry's case, and in none of these did any untoward symptoms appear. I am induced to state these facts because persons opposed to vaccination are trying to make capital out of the inaccurate statements that have appeared."

MORE UTOPIA.

MUSIC FOR THE MASSES.

To the thousand schemes for ameliorating the condition of the lowest classes a thousand-and-first has recently been added. It is neither revolutionary nor predatory, and will therefore scarcely recommend itself to the most advanced school of reformers, though it has this, at least, in common with their theories, that it will end in sound. Its author is Mr Edmund Gurney, whose name is perhaps best known in connection with *Psychic Research*, but who was an authority in the musical world long before he thought of exploring the world of spirits. Mr Gurney is naturally a believer in "the power of sound," having written a large and learned volume with that title, in which he examines at great length into the theory and practice of modern music. He now proposes to establish in the East End of London a permanent orchestra, which shall perform good music nightly in some vast building open gratis to the people. Music, he contends, is the one art which is in its very essence popular, while its humanizing virtue has been proverbial from the days of Orpheus downwards. Those who have writhed under Rubinstein and fainted in the long-drawn labyrinths of Wagnerian "infinite melody" may be inclined to contest Mr Gurney's fundamental postulate of the popularity of music. Rightly understood, however, his claim is certainly just. In the above-mentioned treatise he puts it with convincing clearness. "If we were asked *a priori*," he says, "to imagine the characteristics of a 'people's art,' we should require (1) that some elementary instinct for it should be deeply ingrained in the human organism, so that it should be capable of profoundly stirring the most diverse natures; (2) that it should be independent of logical processes and ranges of idea beyond the ken of the vulgar and uneducated; (3) that it should be susceptible of cheap and, to a great extent, of open-air presentation; (4) that it should be capable of extremely definite representation in memory (because the majority have no time or opportunity for perpetual fresh presentations); and (5) that it should admit of wide, rapid, and cheap or gratuitous diffusion. It is surely matter of congratulation that every one of these requirements is satisfied completely by music."

All this is true. Among the uncultured classes painting may appeal to tens, poetry to hundreds, but music to thousands and tens of thousands. Nor will any one who has at all studied the matter dispute Mr Gurney's assertion that under proper conditions the best music appeals to the masses at least as powerfully as the vulgar rhythms to which, by the force of circumstances, their ears are generally accustomed. * * * In the absence of a pronounced and definite taste, supply creates demand rather than demand supply. It cannot be argued that the English lower orders, any more than the higher orders, have naturally a refined taste in music, but they have the susceptibility to musical impressions which makes them readily accept whatever is offered them. Give him the same chances of hearing it, and the street-arab will whistle "*Lascia ch'io pianga*" with as much readiness as "Over the garden wall," and it can hardly be doubted, with a much deeper enjoyment. Popular music has been vulgarised by its connection with vulgar words. The poetry of the music-hall and the opera-bouffe theatre is necessarily wedded to thin and trivial jingles, and these alone are effectually presented to the popular ear. Any higher strains which it happens to find floating in the air it seizes upon with at least equal avidity. Witness the unquestionable popularity of Sir Arthur Sullivan's refined and graceful melodies. There can be little doubt that the best music (pedantry, eccentricity, and self-seeking "virtuosity" apart) merely requires frequent and adequate presentation to become abundantly popular. Given the £4,000 a year, at which Mr Gurney estimates the working expenses of his scheme (exclusive of the cost of the hall), and Haydn and Beethoven may find as attentive and appreciative audiences in the East End as in the West.

But the question remains to be considered whether, in the present stage of affairs, it would be rational to expend such a sum as £4,000 a-year, supposing it forthcoming, on music for the masses. At first sight it seems dangerously like supplying them with ruffles before they have a shirt. "We ask for bread, and you give us a song," they might not unjustly say; "we ask for comfort, and you give us culture." Music, as we know, is the food of love, but it has not generally been found to deaden less ethereal cravings. Nor is the moral influence attributed to it by tradition very clearly demonstrated, either as to quantity or quality. Plato was, perhaps, better justified than our modern theorists are willing to admit in regarding it with suspicion. "When the enterprising burglar's not a burgling" he will no doubt listen with much appreciation to the C minor Symphony; but will it convince him, or even tend to convince him, of the undesirable nature of his enterprising profession? "When the coster's finished jumping on his mother," it may soothe his ruffled soul to listen to the *Tannhäuser* March; but will he be the less inclined

on his return home, *via* the gin-palace, to apply the same form of muscular remonstrance to his wife? Are there not even certain languorous Lydian measures, and these not of the worst, considered as mere music, which might be appropriate enough at an Alexander's Feast, but would tend to produce an emollient, enervating effect upon a class of people who surely require all the vigour and nerve they can muster? And, finally, are not these precisely the strains which would be most in demand among East End audiences? Imagine the *Faust* Waltz flung forth by a great orchestra over a surging mass of people from the alleys and rookeries of East London! The effect would doubtless be electric, but would it be either purely artistic or entirely desirable? Music, in short, is a spell to conjure with, but its effects are sometimes such as to demand a counter spell, which is not always forthcoming. The tune which piped away the rats from Hamelin piped away the children also. If the "*Ranz des Vaches*" touches the emotions of the Swiss peasant, the "*Marseillaise*" awakens the passions of the Parisian proletariat.

Music, as Mr Gurney says, is independent of logical processes; that is at once its glory and its weakness. Among the higher classes it casts a veil of "culture" over mere emptiness of thought and indolence of emotion. Among the lower classes it might almost too rapidly conjure up opium visions which would quickly vanish, to leave behind them the reaction of relaxed energy, nervous unrest, and vague discontent. The very characteristics which make it an art "understood of the people" should suggest caution and judicious selection in presenting it to them.

All this, however, is no argument against Mr Gurney's scheme. He fully admits, though perhaps on different grounds, the necessity for careful and judicious selection. It may be freely granted that a great public dispensary of harmony (opiates and intoxicants strictly excluded) might afford much pleasure, and even do much good in distracting the masses from more questionable excitements. "*Music*," said Alfred de Musset, "*has made me believe in God*;" and in the East End it might at least diminish the congregations of the devil. Readers of Dante must remember how the music of Casella brought to the souls in Purgatory a short oblivion of their pains. In some of our earthly purgatories (complete in all save that they effect no purification) our richer harmonies of to-day might give to many a weary soul glimpses of an earthly paradise fairer and less dubious than that which Mr Morris has imagined, whether as poet or Socialist. In this there could be nothing but good. The practical question is whether the energy and money required to give effect to Mr Gurney's scheme—and he seems seriously to underestimate the necessary amount of both—should not for many a year to come be directed to the supplying of much more pressing social wants.—*Globe*.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I led him through the budding woods,	We strolled at eve amid the ferns
One sunny morn in Spring,	That raised their heads with grace
I bid him mark the tender leaves,	I, trembling, lest the stars' pale light
And hear the young birds sing;	Should show my blushing face.
I pointed out the village spire,	Our hearts were full, our words were
Half hid 'mid distant glade,	few,
And told him that so fair a scene	He whispered, I looked down,
No city e'er portrayed.	Then asked me if his lot I'd share,
He smiled, and cried "No bird that	In country or in town.
sings	"Be sure," he said, "if Love be lord,
With thee can e'er compare;"	Wherever you may be,
And, looking in mine eyes, he said—	Or busy town or rustic glade
"No view was half so fair,"	Will seem as fair to thee."

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CHAS. J. ROWE.

Franz Liszt, who is perfectly well, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, is at present in the Tyrol, at the house of an old pupil of his, Sophie Menter, with whom he frequently executes pieces for four hands. (Old news, pardi!—Dr Blügel.)

On the 20th September, being the anniversary of Victor Emanuel's taking possession of Rome, Signor Goldberg's "*Marcia trionfale*," composed expressly for the occasion when, fourteen years ago, the Italian troops, headed by their military bands, entered Rome, was, as usual, performed by the "*Banda nazionale*" of Rome and of the principal cities of Italy.

Mr Alfred Thompson, returned from a lengthened sojourn in the United States, is engaged by Mr Augustus Harris to design costumes, &c., for the Christmas pantomime of *Whittington and his Cat*. The splendours of Mr Thompson's "*Barbaric Ballet*" in the Alhambra *Whittington* are well remembered; but it is expected that the chief pageant in the Drury Lane piece, the scene, costumes, and properties of which are from the same hand, will surpass former efforts.

GARRICK'S "FAREWELL."

(From our American Ghost.)

At the beginning of 1776, theatrical London was both startled and distressed to hear rumours—clear and confident in the clubs and in the parks; louder and more certain in the green-rooms—of Garrick's intention to leave the stage, where he had so long reigned the delight and emperor of all hearts. The night before he quitted the stage for ever, Garrick played Lear to the Cordelia of Miss Younge. His biographer, Mr Murphy, tells us where he got his model for the mad king.

When Garrick began to study this great and difficult part, he was acquainted with a worthy man who lived in Leman Street, Goodman's Fields; this friend had an only daughter, about two years old. He stood at his dining room window fondling the child, and dangling it in his arms, when it was his misfortune to drop the infant into a flagged area, and killed it on the spot. He remained at his window screaming in agonies of grief. The neighbours flocked to the house, took up the child, and delivered it dead to the unhappy father, who wept bitterly, and filled the street with lamentations. He lost his senses, and from that moment never recovered his understanding. As he had sufficient fortune his friends chose to let him remain in the house under two keepers appointed by Dr Monro. Garrick frequently went to see his distracted friend, who passed the remainder of his life in going to the window, and there playing in fancy with his child. After some dalliance he dropped it, and, bursting into a flood of tears, filled the house with shrieks of grief and bitter anguish. He then sat down in a pensive mood, his eyes fixed on one object, at times looking slowly round him as if to implore compassion. Garrick was often present at this scene of misery, and was ever after used to say that it gave him the first idea of King Lear's madness. As the curtain fell on the dead king and his dead daughter, Lear and Cordelia lay on the stage, side by side, and hand in hand. They rose together, and hand in hand still went in silence to the dressing-room, followed by many of the company. They stood there, Lear and Cordelia, still bound by the strong sympathy of the play, hand in hand and without speaking. At last Garrick said, mournfully, and with a sigh:

"Ah Bessie, this is the last time I shall ever be your father—the last time!" Then their hands fell asunder. Miss Younge replied with an affectionate hope that, before they finally parted, he would kindly give her a father's blessing. Garrick raised his hands solemnly, Miss Younge bent her knee and bowed her fair head, as the old man fervently prayed to God to bless her. Then slowly turning, he said, "May God bless you all!" and retired to take off his King Lear dress for the last time.

On the 10th of June, 1776, Garrick appeared for the last time as Don Felix in the comedy of *The Wonder*. He had wished to close with Richard III, his first great triumph; but he had considered that, after the nervous tumult of the tent scene, and the rage and passion of the battle, he should be worth nothing, and might be too fatigued to utter his farewell. He braced himself up to be once more dazzling, vivacious, airy, gallant, and witty. He resolved to show himself as if passed through Medea's cauldron, again young and vigorous.

Now came the awful moment that was to extinguish at once the sunshine of thirty years of public favour. He had now to close down over his own head the lid of his own coffin. The pleasure, pride, and hope of his life had been his success upon that stage upon which he was now about to turn his reluctant back. He had had the good sense to feel that verse would be too restricting a vehicle for his feelings of sorrow, and with his fine sensitive countenance quivering with unfeigned emotion, he advanced and addressed the audience in these simple but touching words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen.—It has been customary for persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be now of speaking it. The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill-suit my present feelings. This is to me a very awful moment: it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness, and upon the spot where that kindness and your favours were enjoyed. [Here his voice failed him: he paused till a gush of tears relieved him.] Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here—here, in my heart, fixed and unalterable. I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have had; but I defy them all to take more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your grateful humble servant."

Having uttered these sentiments, he bowed respectfully to all parts of the house, and at a slow pace, and with much hesitation, withdrew for ever from the presence of the town. The audience

felt what it was losing, and was reluctant to part—parting is such sweet sorrow. They felt, as Dr Brown had written, that this great genius had dignified the stage, had "restored it to the fulness of its ancient splendour, and, with a variety of powers beyond example, established nature—Shakspeare and himself." The gaiety of the nation, as Johnson said, was eclipsed by his exit. Men were seeing and hearing for the last time what Smollet had praised, as "the sweetness and variety of tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitudes, and the whole pathos of expression."

Every face in the theatre was clouded with grief; tears were bursting from many eyes and rolling down many cheeks. The sorrow was electric and spread from heart to heart. The cry of "Farewell" resounded from box to box and seat to seat, till it became a mighty agitated clamour like the moan of a troubled ocean. A sun had gone down after a day of changeless lustre, the end of the theatrical world seemed come.

Garrick soon after signed the deeds for the sale of half his patent to Sheridan, Ford, and Lindley, and retired to his tranquil villa at Hampton. He died on January 20, 1779, at his house, No. 5, Adelphi Terrace, and was buried grandly in the Abbey—a fitting place for the grave of so wonderful a man.

—O—
WAIFS.

WEIST HILL.—The memoir of Mr Weist Hill, which appeared in our last week's number, was quoted from the recent issue of that excellent little paper, *The Gem*. The reference was inadvertently omitted, and we take the first opportunity of supplying it.

Usglio has left Macerata.

Mierzwinsky will shortly sing in Catalani's *Dejanice*.

Marconi, the tenor, has been singing at Aix-les-Bains.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been received with favour at Lugo.

Elena Sanz took part lately in a concert for a charitable purpose at Spa.

Carl Formes, at present in San Francisco, was seventy on the 7th August.

The Teatro Carcano, Milan, will open on the 15th October with *Dinorah*.

Gayarre is engaged to sing this winter at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona.

Suppe's *Dofia Juanita*, with Spanish libretto, has been performed in Barcelona.

The Italian season at the Teatro Real, Madrid, will not commence before the middle of October.

A new buffo-opera, *Nanon*, by R. Genée, has been well received at the Walhalla-Theater, Berlin.

Felix Dreychock has written a new Pianoforte Concerto and will shortly introduce it to the public.

Luigi Ricci's new buffo opera, *Per un Cappello*, has been well received at the Teatro Alfieri, Turin.

Mr Wallerstein, the clever conductor and popular composer, has been passing his vacation at Margate.

At the conclusion of the Montevideo operatic season, Theodorini and Tamagno were to start for Europe.

Mdlle Teresina Tua gave, on the 24th inst., the first of a series of three concerts at Kroll's Theater, Berlin.

Campanini is said to contemplate a concert tour in conjunction with Etelka Gerster in the United States.

Soltans has succeeded Angerer as director of Neeb's Men's Choral Association, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Judic will give ten performances at the Teatro de la Zarzuela, Madrid, commencing on the 4th or 5th October.

Herr de Haan, conductor at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, has completed an opera entitled *Die Kaisertochter*.

Col. Mapleson and his conductor, Luigi Arditi, were lately at Aix-les-Bains. (Still more lately in Paris.—Dr Blüthgen.)

The Teatro Costanzi, Rome, opened for a short operatic season on the 20th inst., Sig. Bimboni officiating as conductor.

Mdlle Alt, from the German Theatre in Prague, has been fulfilling a short engagement at the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden.

Mdme Pappenheim was serenaded at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, on the night of her arrival, by a band and a vocal club.

A new opera, *Alba Barozzi*, music by Sig. Paolo Giorza, will be produced in the carnival season, at the Teatro della Fenice, Venice.

At the Lisbon San Carlo, the French tenor, Guille, will sing for the first time in Italian in *Guillaume Tell*, *La Juive*, and *Il Trovatore*.

The Teatro Dal Verme, Milan, opened a short time since with *Il Guarany*, by Carlo Gomez, but closed again after two performances.

Sophie Menter has definitively accepted the pianoforte professorship left vacant at the St Petersburg Conservatory by the death of L. Brassin.

Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer* was performed on the 7th inst., for the first time, and with a Danish libretto, at the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen.

Anton Rubinstein has returned to Peterhof. About the middle of next month he will direct the first Symphony-Concert of the season in St Petersburg.

Salvatore Chiarelli, having fallen a victim to the cholera, is succeeded as editor of the Naples musical and theatrical paper, *Don Marzio*, by G. Tari.

Herr Schubert has left town for Schloss Krojanken, near Dantzig, West Prussia, for a short holiday, but intends returning about the second week in October.

Mr Gerard Coventry is on tour with the *Nell Gwynne* company, Miss Florence St John playing the part of the heroine, and Mr Coventry that of Rochester.

Signor Bevilacqua left London on Tuesday, *via* Flushing and Berlin, for St Petersburg, to fulfil his duties at the Italian Opera-house in the City of the Czar.

The following are the names of a few of the artists at the Imperial Theatre, Warsaw:—Klamyżynska and Scepkowska, Kwiecinsky, Wierzbizky, and Koziarsky.

Jules Levy, the cornettist, is arranging for an extended tour through the United States, with Miss Stella Costa as vocalist, and Constantine Sternberg as pianist.

There will be no dearth of tenors next season at the Italian Opera, St Petersburg, if the report be true that, besides Marconi, Sylva, and Valero, Masini, also, is engaged.

After the present season, the Royal Opera-house, and the Theatre Royal, Berlin, will be lighted by electricity, and the necessary measures are to be commenced at once.

W. Freudenberg's opera, *Kleopatra*, already performed with success in Wiesbaden, Königsberg, and Magdeburg, will be played this season at the Stadttheater, Bremen.

The part selected by M. Mierzwinsky for his first appearance in December, at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, is that of Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. He will sing it in Italian.

The ex-bass, Miral, who sang for a long time at the principal theatres in Italy and elsewhere, has been appointed professor of singing in the Conservatory of Music, Madrid.

"And so, Mrs Shoddyville, your son is very clever?" "Clever, bless his heart, I am proud to say so! He is only ten years old and is already studying the alimentary mathematics."

At a recent concert in the new Casino, Biarritz, Gailhard, the bass of the Grand Opera, Paris, officiated as conductor, and conducted the Overture to *Zampa*. (Impossible!—Dr Winge.)

Mr W. Ganz and family have returned from their visit to Llandudno. Mr Ganz had previously been on a visit to Craig-y-nos Castle, after conducting the Patti concert at Swansea.

The members of the Cathedral Musical Society, Verona, lately presented their chief, Aldrightetti, with a conducting stick. Among those present on the occasion was Pedrotti, the composer.

Georg Vierling's *Raub der Sabinerinnen* (*Rape of the Sabines*) will be performed at an early date by the Vocal Association, Prenzlau, where his *Atarich* was given most successfully two years since.

Sonzogno, the music publisher, is said to have purchased and taken away with him from Paris a posthumous opera by Halevy. It is entitled *Noé*, and scored by Halevy's son-in-law, Georges Bizet.

Francisco Asis de la Peña has been appointed provisionally to the professorship of the piano formerly held in the Escuela Nacional de Música y Declamación, Madrid, by the much-regretted Teobaldo Power.

An American statistician has calculated that the 2,552 theatres in the United States represent a capital of 150,000,000 dollars. Who can say whether said statistician is right or wrong? (Both!—Dr Winge.)

Riedel's Vocal Association, from Leipsic, will take part on the 18th October in a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the Stadttheater, Bremen, and, on the day following, give a sacred concert in the Cathedral.

Corneille, the bicentenary of whose death is to be celebrated on the first of next month, certainly deserved that surname of Great which his countrymen are apt to bestow a little lavishly on those of their own kin. He seems also to have been, on the whole, com-

mendably free from the pettinesses of character which disfigure so many illustrious reputations. He has indeed been accused of one very serious failing, and it must be admitted that M. Guizot's graceful defence of the poet only restates the charge in a milder form. "*Sa jalousie fut celle d'un enfant qui veut qu'un sourire le rassure contre les caresses que reçoit son frère.*" The truth is that, like Goldsmith, he was not more envious than other men, but more outspoken. He thought aloud, and, considering the ups and downs of popular favour he had experienced, could scarcely help feeling anxious as to the place that would ultimately be awarded him amongst his contemporaries. The best of them did him ample justice. Questioned as to the eminent writers of Louis XIV.'s reign, Boileau answered:—"I only know three—Corneille, Molière, and myself." To the natural rejoinder, "How about Racine?" he replied:—"He was an extremely clever fellow, whom I taught with great difficulty to compose." Racine himself told his son that Corneille made verses "a hundred times finer" than his, and attributed his own greater popularity to the fact that he took some trouble to render himself personally agreeable. Molière's criticism is more discriminating: "My friend Corneille has a familiar who inspires him with the noblest thoughts in the world; but sometimes the familiar leaves him to shift for himself, and then he fares badly." —*St James's Gazette*.

GEMS OF MUSICAL CRITICISM.—(*Italian correspondence of Archer's "Keynote."*) As I occasionally select some choice bits of Italian journalism to send you, the following may do this time. In speaking of the production of *Gioconda* in Padua, the paper reports that "the occasion reached the very *delirium tremens* of enthusiasm and receipts." This same scribe has discovered life, passion, originality, inspiration, philosophy, and sublimity in *Gioconda*, and we should be thankful that he has not also discovered metaphysics or a whole medical college in this work, for he says it is one of the *very few* works which will not go down to *dusty oblivion*. At that rate it will be shut off from some very illustrious company! Another one, "The renowned basso, Franco Novara, having brilliantly terminated his engagement at Covent Garden, announces himself as at liberty in London, 177, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, as he does not intend to accept the re-engagement persistently tendered him in New York" (!!!) I have a shrewd suspicion that he won't get the chance of accepting, and so declines *en avance*. Some papers are idiotic enough to say that Abbey will manage the Metropolitan again. As if he would, if he could. I rather think *The Keynote* weather forecasts will prove true, and the Metropolitan remain empty. One last one: "Paolina Rossini, the elegant and most excellent prima donna soprano, famous in art by the brilliant successes achieved by her in Havana, New York, and the United States, has signed a most brilliant contract for Valencia, Spain, season of '84-85, in her quality of soprano *dramatico assoluto*. At present she announces herself at liberty to accept engagements throughout October. She is at La Santa, near Monza."—M. M.

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